

Published by
KEFFLER & SCHWARZMANN
J. KEFFLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1717. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1910.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. TWO PEOPLE, at least, in every household are directly interested in "the increased cost of living." One is the husband and father; the other is the wife and mother. Father earns the money, gives a set sum of it to mother each week "to run the house on," and mother buys the stuff. The man reads in his paper that meat is higher, that eggs and butter are soaring, that fresh vegetables and milk are reaching new altitudes, and he says, as we have quoted him before: "It's something fierce the way things are going up!" He feels, in a general way, the pressure of high prices, but when he goes home he is surprised and hurt if his wife intimates, ever so gently, that she has a hard time making both ends meet. "Don't I give you the same allowance I've given you for five years?" he asks, with a challenge in his tone. "Yes, but you know things *cost* more than they used to," she replies. Then the man grumbles something about his not being able to save a cent, and the woman goes on robbing PETER, the butcher, to pay PAUL, the grocer, in order that she may "keep within her allowance" and deprive the man of none of the choice cuts and little table luxuries that he *must* have. All of which is to remark that *man* talks about the increased cost of living, and suggests theories as to what causes it, and the various remedies for it, while *woman*, who sees the tradesmen and dickers for supplies, is up against the real thing in its hardest, grimmest form. Also, that she is expected to buy this year's food with last year's allowance. Also—and despite the fact that tariff graft, cold storage speculation, and middleman extortion bear directly upon *her*—that she has no vote.

IN the matter of Conservation, which policy is to be vindicated: the policy of PINCHOT, or the policy of pinch it?

THE free'nindependent press have told us all. One more hidden thing has been made plain. One more knothole has been unknotted to let in the light. Another woodpile has yawned and yielded up its nigger. You see, about six weeks ago our home folks got all het up about the way that Nicaraguan skeezicks was manhandling our citizens. 'Cordingly we hustled down eight hundred seasick marines; Old Doc MADRIZ took ZELAYA's place; Reform came tramping in with No. 11 feet; and all Nature smiled once more. And now comes the inside story. It seems the Nicaraguan mess was simply another case where the financial geniuses of the United States put their heads together and said: "Let Uncle Sam do it," and Uncle Sam did. Our gallant expedition was prompted, not by Benevolence, but by BANANAS: bananas grown on American plantations in Nicaragua! We imagined we sent our gallant boys to save oppressed American traveling men; it turns out we sent them to keep saddle-colored governments from poaching on a few select fruit orchards. We thought we heard the peal of the Liberty Bell of Nicaragua; it turns out that the only peels on the horizon are the peels on the banana-trees. And the souls of the victims, let us hope, will go marching on till all the Christian gentlemen of New York, to whom God in His infinite wisdom has entrusted the banana lands of Nicaragua, are enabled to sell their shares at a reasonable profit.



OLD BLACK JOE.

I'm going, I'm going,
For my head is bending low;

I hear those ——— voices calling,
"Beat.....it.....Joe!"



AFTER THE WEDDING — THE BEST MAN.



THE MILITARY OVERCOAT.

IN Fashion's school, I'm forced to own,
I have n't taken my degree;
That gentle thing called "classy tone"
Is something quite unknown to me;
But I *do* claim that I can see
A plague when it achieves my goat.
This season's horror seems to be
The military overcoat.

I know I breathed a futile groan
Against the green-hat misery;
I have n't even overthrown
The turn-down brim's monopoly;
None seemed to heed my anguished plea
'Gainst "rah-rah" trousers, sore besmote.
I'll *get* this latest tyranny—
The military overcoat!

Why, every man who once was known
As decorative, *cap-à-pie*,
Looks like a chunk of building-stone,
His own half-strangled effigy.
Is it the "war-craze," roving free,
That 's set this fearful fad afloat,
Or just plain imbecility?—
The military overcoat!

L'ENVOI.

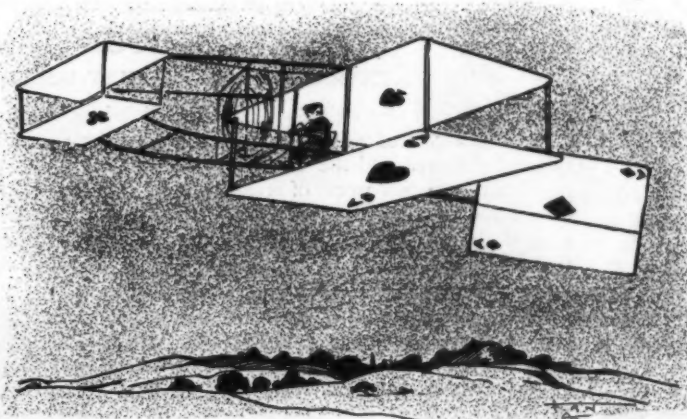
Ah well, perhaps I'll find a "V"
Ere the first Spring bird trills his note;—
That's when I'm going to get, pardie,
The military overcoat!

Chester Firkins.

IDEAL CONSTRUCTION.

WOGGS.—Why are the women so enthusiastic over Binks's new house?

BOGGS.—It has back-stairs to every room so that his wife can lie around anywhere in her morning wrapper and yet be sure of getting upstairs without being seen when the bell rings.



ACE HIGH.

Man wants but little here below, but woman wants everything that other women have.

PUCK



HE FAILED TO SEE IT.

MR. CLOSECOYNE (during his wife's reception).—She gives 'em lights; she gives 'em music; she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving!

THE SUMMER-WINTER GIRL.

"Oh, what a splendid time!" she said,
Shimmering starshine over her head,
Dipping and slipping along the tide,
Then how the world was glorified!
Youth that laughed, and a star that glowed
Down where the dimpling river flowed—
Two in a boat on a summer night—
Ho, for all folly and all delight!

"Oh, what a splendid time!" she wrote.
Smiling and sighing he read her note.
"Splendid, indeed—with a chaperon—
Ah, I have danced, but joy has flown!
Always the opera; after that
Other amusements, stale and flat.
Proper, oh yes, correct;—a crime—
Oh, what a dreary, splendid time!"

Grace Stone Field.

UNALIVE.

THE bluff old sea-dog in the sea-story raised his battered trumpet to his lips.
"Look alive, mum!" he shouted over the roar of the gale.

But the beautiful girl only shook her head.

"How can I?" she asked with touching pathos. "If the book weren't illustrated, I might; but as the case stands, alas! I can only look as the artist makes me!"

And walking to the taffrail, she gazed woodenly out over the yeasty deep.

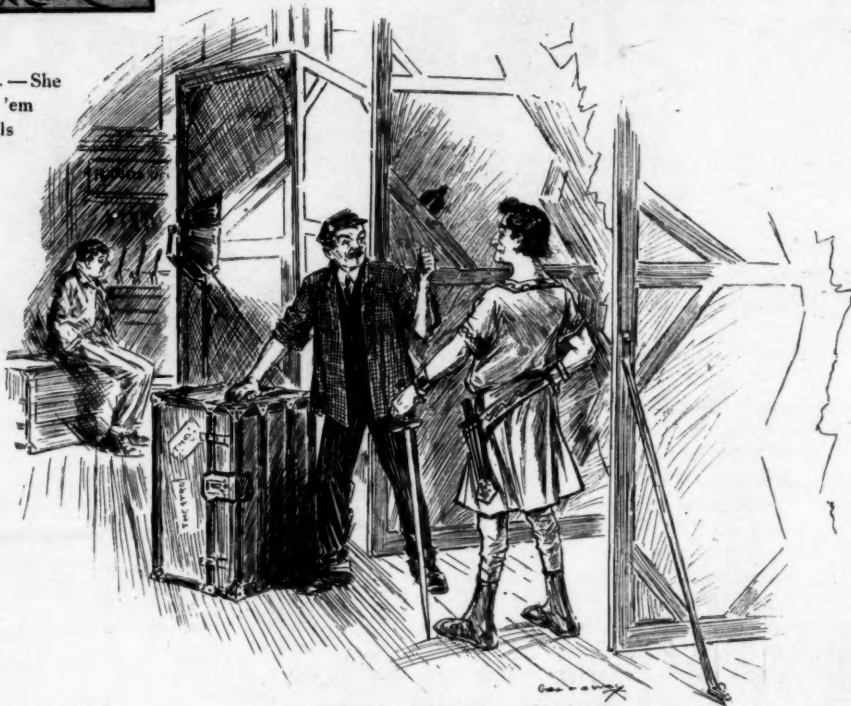
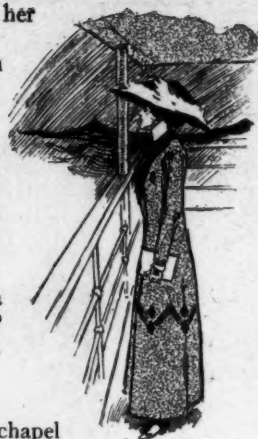
THEIR KIND.

WILLIS.—Did the policyholders have a voice in the affairs of the company?
GILLIS.—Yes—the customary howl.

INSPIRING.

VISITOR.—Ten thousand students at chapel to hear Reverend Drool! Isn't it fine! What a tribute to the power of the man!

WILLIE RAHRAH.—You bet. That old piebald ape is on the Faculty, and just one word from him would disqualify every member on the 'varsity baseball squad.



THE STORM-CENTER.

ACTOR (on the road).—How about the thunder and storm effects in Act Three?

PROVINCIAL STAGE-MANAGER.—Oh, that'll be easy. All I'll do is hide the property-man's pint bottle.

GOOD TASTY CLOTHING.

EXTRACTS FROM BOOKLET ISSUED BY SCHNIDE, PUMPERNICKLE & KOCH.

"IT is more important to be well clothed than well fed or well-to-do. The condition of your pocketbook cannot be seen by the casual observer, and the contents of your stomach may consist of five cents' worth of breakfast food or a five-dollar dinner for all anybody can tell by looking at you. But your clothes are always in the public eye, and it is by them that your worth and ability are judged. A slouchy, ill-groomed man is not tolerated by modern society. He is an anachronism, an eyesore, and an object of freezing indifference to every good-looking girl.

"It is your duty to dress stylishly. You may be the driver of a coal-cart, but this is no reason why you should not look as well as the head of the Anthracite Trust. Our line of Prince Albert Suits are especially adapted for this class of our patrons, and are guaranteed to be the equal in looks, wearing quality, and every way to the product of the best London tailors. Our Special Price, \$13.48.

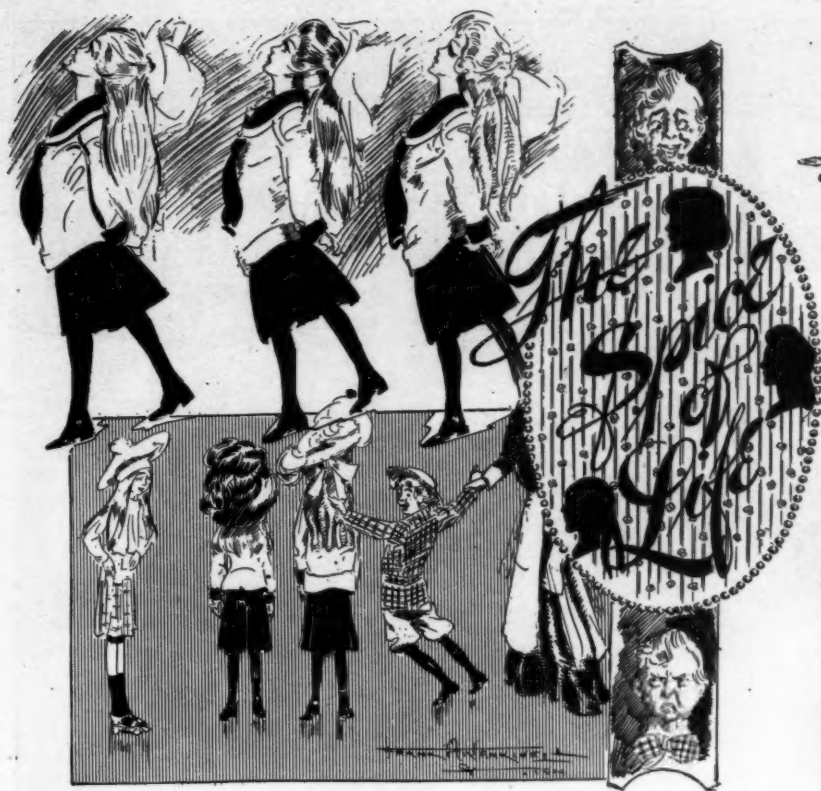
"For laborers who like a Dressy-Looking Business Suit we offer a superb assortment of sacks in all the latest shades of green, gray, blue, yellow, and brown. These can be had in either cutaway or double-breasted coats. Price, \$9.98.

"For work gentlemen, such as icemen, grocers' clerks, etc., whose vocations bring them into ladies' society, we recommend our Combination Morning, Afternoon, and Evening Suit. These garments are hand-tailored throughout, and strictly first-class. Can be worn in all weathers and will not shrink, fade, or lose their shape. Price, \$11.37.

"Take your own measurements with tape-measure, carpenter's square, surveyor's chain, or any other convenient thing. A perfect fit is invariably guaranteed."
G. A. E.



PUCK



MY SISTER knows a lot of girls,
And all the grown-ups say
There must be one of them with whom
I'd rather talk or play.
But I like Katie Foley best,
She's different from all the rest.

My sister and the other girls
Are always dressed just so,
In sailor suits of blue or white,
And 'way up top a bow.
But I like Katie's clothes the best,
She wears more colors than the rest.

My sister and the other girls
Speak pretty much alike,
But Katie says, "Aw, cut it out!"
And "Cheese it!" "Sure!" and "Hike!"
I like the way she talks the best,
It does n't sound like all the rest.

My sister's seen her, and she says
That Katie's common! Well,
I'm glad she is—it's pretty dull
When all our friends are swell.
But anyhow, I like her best,
She's different from all the rest.

Eunice Ward.

THE MODERN GIRL.

AS HE looked down into her deep eyes he wasn't exactly sure which would be just the best way to propose to her.

"Darling," he finally began, "I've been admiring your beauty,



OR SOMETHIN'.

"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or somethin'.

your talent, your fidelity, ever since we first met years ago. To-night, when I wish to tell you, I hardly know how to begin it...."

"I do," she interrupted emphatically. "I am the only girl you have ever loved. When you look into my deep-blue eyes—no, they happen to be brown—when you look into my deep-brown eyes you think of all the bad, naughty things you have ever done, and you wish that you were worthy of me. I am the light of your soul, and you can never be happy without me. Will I be yours?" As the girl concluded she turned to him. "Is that about it?" she asked.

"Yes...."

"Then it's my turn," said the girl.... "Your salary is what? And your bank account is how much?" He stated the figures.

"You expect to inherit what amount from a rich uncle whose name is...?"

The man supplied the data.

"Your proposal is very satisfactory," replied the Modern Girl, throwing herself into his waiting arms. "I am truly yours."

Don Kahn.



A NOBLE HEART.

HIS WIFE (2 A.M.)—Still working, dear?

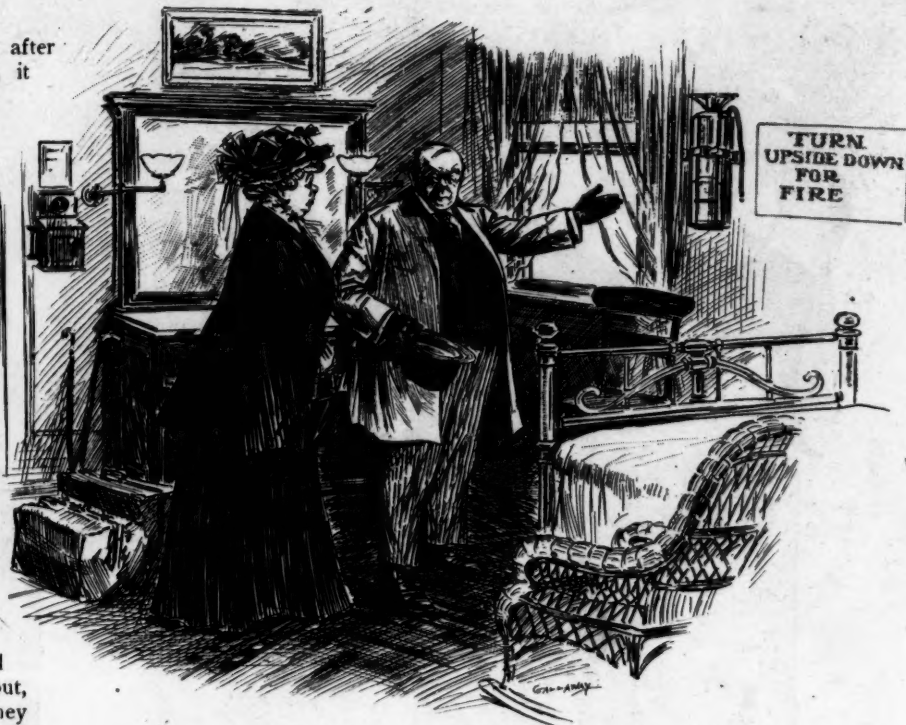
THE GREAT AUTHOR.—Yes, I've just finished my 450th only unpublished poem. You see, I want to leave enough so that the family and all my friends will be able to live comfortably after I die.

A philosophy is some philosopher's way of saying: "You can search me!"

PUCK

OVER THE BACK FENCE.

SEEMS nice to see the sun out once more, after three days' rain, doesn't it?.....Yes, it does so. Still, we needed the rain. Everything was dried up so. And dusty! Ten minutes after you'd dusted you could write your name on anything in the house.....No, I ain't been myself, but my sister went and she liked the play real well. Said it was real exciting.....This is her fourth, isn't it? And the last one is n't more than a year old. I think that she has had all four of them in six years.....Well, she's got her hands full.....Gargling the throat well with real hot water with just a touch of salt in it is good in the beginning of a sore throat.....I never put any sugar in my ketchup. Some do, but I don't.....I think four eggs are enough. If you use more it's apt to taste of the egg. And ain't eggs high! I paid forty-eight cents a dozen yesterday and two of them was bad.....She thinks she's too old to wear her hair in a braid any longer and she's teasing me to make her new dress away below her shoe-tops.....No girl of mine would be on the street much as she is; but, la, they never had no control of her.....They say that they're engaged, but neither of them will own up to it.....I paid twenty-eight cents a pound the last chicken I bought, and then it was tough, although I parboiled it two or three hours.....Mrs. Smith told me that if they raised the rent on them she should move. Thirty dollars a month and no bath is a good deal.....Think of a woman of her age wearing a hat like that, all red feathers and the hat itself blue!.....They think it was caused by sewer-gas, but I guess they don't know.....She got above ninety in all of her



TOO STRENUOUS.

MALONEY (reading sign beside fire-extinguisher).—Shure, if Oi've got to stand on me head an' do gymnastic stunts before they'll warm the room, Honora, we'll go to anither hotel where there's less exertion an' more stame.

marks last month.....I told her that it was because she put off putting on her winter flannels so late. Girls are so careless about their health.....They say it will be one of the biggest weddings ever known in town.....No, they won't tell any one where they are going on their honeymoon. I expect they'll get no end of presents.....He ain't worked a day in a year that any one knows of. How they live is a mystery. When the children come over here I give them something to eat, they look so hungry.....No, I did n't go. I meant to, but when night come I was too tired out.....We think we are going to like him real well, but I don't think he's as good a preacher as our other minister was.....A little lard or vaseline with black pepper mixed with it and rubbed all over the chest would help him.....No, I never put them up pound-for-pound. It makes them too sweet and rich.....She's left him twice already and come back when he crooked his finger. If I left a man once it would take more than a crook of the finger to bring me back.....Do you think so? Well, I never knew either of them to speak of.....If he had a man stenographer there wouldn't of been no trouble.....He likes his coffee fairly ropy with sugar. I tell him it is one reason he has so much headache.....Awful sad, ain't it? Three deaths in one year in one family is a good deal.....I tell her that one dance a week is enough for any girl to go to.....A girl of sixteen has no business having beaux hanging around.....That dog goes every place she goes. She took it to a funeral the other day. I wouldn't thank her to bring her dog to my funeral.....I got some bread in the oven I got to see to.....And I haven't finished up my breakfast dishes yet.....Run in soon.....I will.....Do."

Max Merryman.



THE ORIGINAL SIN.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DOUBTER. — Now, then, show to us thy boasted new invention, called the Umbrella, which promises so much.

INVENTOR.—Gladly would I, but I left it here in the lobby before divine service, and some knave hath swiped it!

MUST HAVE THE BEST.

MANAGER OF THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—Now, in the Balcony scene —

AMATEUR JULIET.—Oh, we can't have anything as common as that. We must make ours at least an Orchestra Circle scene.



A SLIGHT MISUNDER-
STANDING.

GHOST OF THE FAMILY'S FOUNDER.—
So that's grandson Bill, is it, driving
that coach? Well, I'm glad to see that.
With all the money I left 'em, the family
ain't ashamed to earn their living at
honest work!

EVERYWHERE.

THE BEE is like a man. All up
And down the world he beats it;
He gathers honey all his life—
Some other fellow eats it.

THE LIMIT OF HEROISM.

MIGHTY Napoleon, hands clasped behind his back, feet wide
apart, trembled as he spoke.

"Is there no way to check the onslaught?" he asked.

"Not even the Tenth Legion could
do it!" rejoined Cæsar.

"The Macedonian Phalanx would
crumble before it like a sand wall
before a tidal wave," declared
Alexander.

"Worse than useless
would be the dusky
cavalry of Carthage,"
muttered the swarthy
Hannibal.

"In such a war as this
there lies no virtue in a
wooden horse," Achilles
remarked, more to him-
self than to the others.

"Let come who may,
I'll hold the bridge!"
thundered Horatius.

THE MERCHANT MARINE.

"Not much!" exclaimed Leonidas, "they're suffragettes!"
And they all sat down and wept, for they saw the day was lost.



AMONG THE DEBRIS.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—What's the trouble? Did an auto run amuck
in the store?

SENIOR PARTNER.—Worse than that! The manager hired an
ex-prizefighter last night, and told him to be sure to punch the
time-clock when he came in this morning.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT.

ELEPHANT SCORCHER.—That sure was a great idea! I already
had the horn; I only needed the auto!

Good breeding is the art of making people you don't like particularly
uncomfortable.

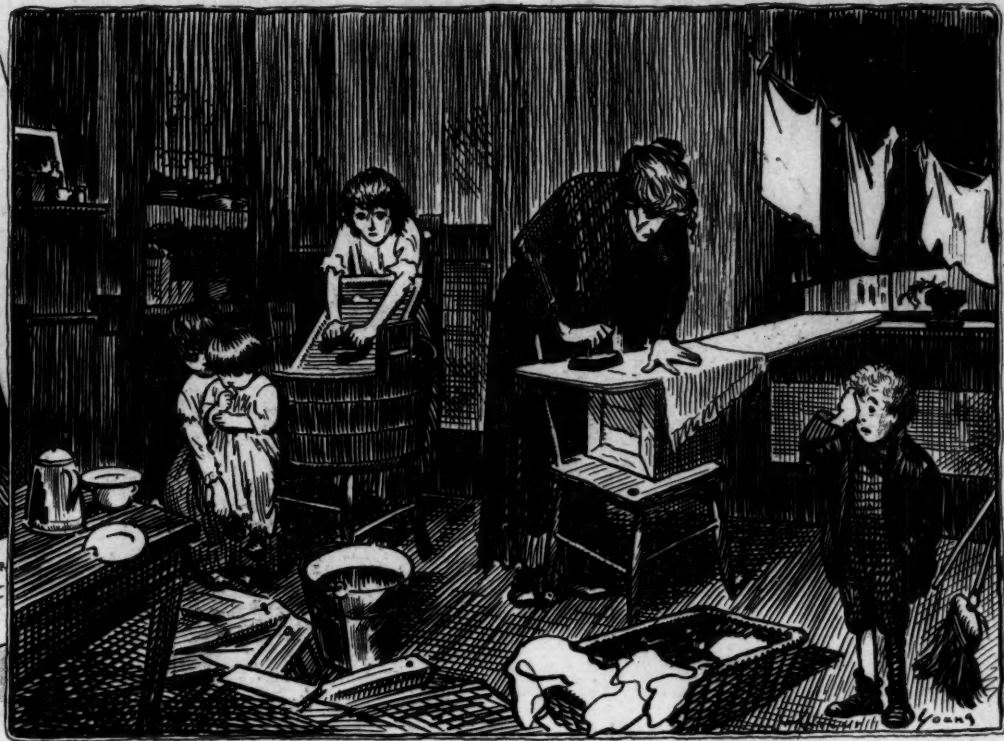


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HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING FROM



TRADERS AND THE EASY INDIANS.
 G FOR NOTHING FROM THE SIMPLE CHILDREN OF REPUBLICAN NATURE!



DON'T FORGET THIS ONE.

JUST A PASSING SUGGESTION FOR A CONTEMPORARY'S SERIES OF "AMERICAN MOTHERS."

BALLADE OF SORE PLACES.



Years gone by I used to stand
Close by the fire at eventide,
While mother scrubbed to beat the band
Upon my bare and tender hide;
And oh, the way I squirmed and tried
To save the spots she hunted for!
No matter where she touched, I lied,—
"Don't touch me there—that place is sore!"

On head or heels, on foot or hand,
On sunburned back or ticklish side,
On dark-gray-spots she closely scanned
And rubbed until I nearly died,
With elbow-grease galore she plied
The soapy rag, until I swore
I'd never bathe when grown, and cried:
"Don't touch me there—that place is sore!"

The greatest martyr in the land,
The victim of a mother's pride
I was—alas, for high and grand
Resolve to howl till pacified!
Whene'er my mouth was opened wide
That schooling rag its lesson bore—
That soap-soaked tongue refused to chide,
"Don't touch me there—that place is sore!"

L'ENVOI.

O Time! Thy toll is not denied,
Since mother washes me no more!
But 'round my heart 't will aye abide,
"Don't touch me there—that place is sore!"

Chas. C. Jones.

SUCCESS.

Success is like a building which presents an engaging aspect to those who view it from without, but has few charms for such as are permitted to sit down within it. From afar it looks altogether substantial, but when come up with it is found to be rather flimsy and worthless.

Therefore, if some power the gift would give mankind to see each his own success as others see it, the happiness of the race would be so vastly promoted that the perfect day must thereupon be thought to have arrived. For then the prince would no longer envy the peasant, nor yet the peasant the prince, to the end that contentment, instead of remaining the exclusive property of tramps and such like, would permeate all grades of society.



THE WALL-FLOWERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SUFFRAGETTE ARTIST



THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS.

FLINT-AXE.—What's old Chopitout up to now?

STONE-HAMMER.—Aw, he's got it worse than ever! Calls them things wheels, and says they'll revolutionize the transportation problem.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE aged, worn, and guileless-looking individual sauntered up to the desk of the clerk in a Southern hotel, and quavered, as he drew from his wallet a yellow bill, "Friend, will you kindly give me five silver dollars in exchange for this memento of the good old Confederate days?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the proffered bill, smiled to himself, tossed it into the drawer, and counted out the five dollars. When the guileless-looking individual had gone, the clerk examined the bill he had just taken in. He found that it was, or was not, a good U. S. bill. Either way you take it, it makes a story. It has never been decided which is the better way.



THE BEST OF IT.

SOCIETY MISS.—How do you like it since your father and mother have been divorced?
SOCIETY MASTER.—Fine! Now each tries to treat me better than the other.



The Instantaneous Answer



Sending a message is only half of the transaction. The other, and equally important, half consists in getting back the answer.

Sometimes this is a reply to a question, or the acceptance or rejection of a proposal. Sometimes it is simply an acknowledgment that the message has been received.

The value of the message depends upon getting an answer.

When a general manager sends word to a representative in a distant city, he wants to know that his

man is *there*, that he *receives the message*, and that he will act.

If the answer is not final, but raises another question, there is no delay. The other question can be settled at once. It is possible, in one telephone interview, to come to a decision which could not have been reached without the instantaneous answer.

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2 lb AND 5 lb
Sealed Boxes!
Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!
By Grocers Everywhere!

"Now, Amaranth, I'll come out and fry the chicken, and I want you to have it all ready for me. Dress it carefully and be sure to singe off every hair."

"Yas'm."

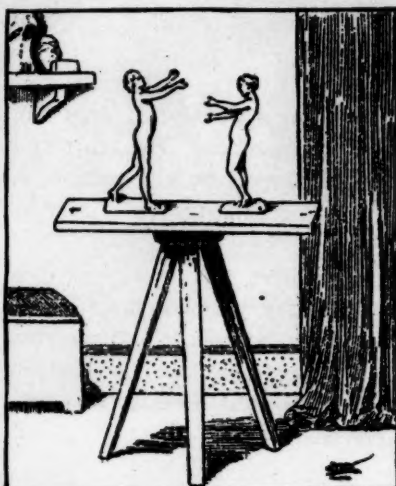
"Then cut it up just as I showed you the other day. Do you remember?"

"Yas'm."

"Wash and drain it. You understand?"

"Yas'm." Then, as an afterthought: "Shall I kill it?"—*Circle.*

THE FALL OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.



I.

Cupid and Psyche, fresh-formed out of plaster, long to meet each other.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

"Is SHE good at pyrography?"

"You bet, 'specially her apple pies."

—*Baltimore American.*



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CURES
HEADACHES
10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

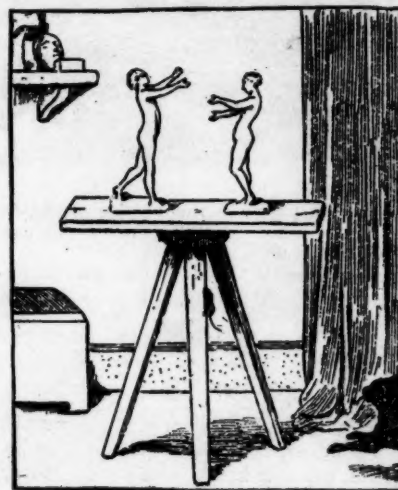
VANITAS VANITATEM.

During the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris, on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections.

"A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried:

"My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully:

"Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"—*Washington Star.*



II.

A mouse, pursued, climbs to them for protection.

Bunner's Short Stories



H. C. BUNNER

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*



MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*



THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*




MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

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ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c.
AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c.

"The Little Brown Box"

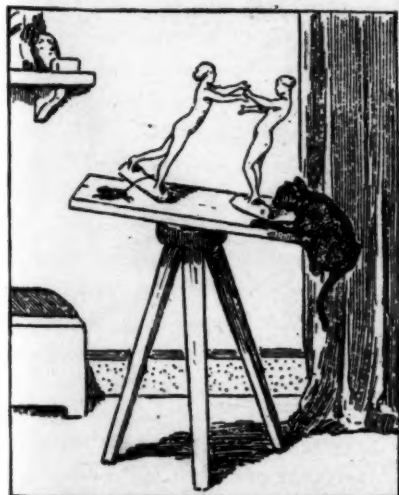
WIFEY (*red-hot*).—Don't try any evasion with me, sir. Where-have-you-been?

HUB (*maudlinly*).—M'dear, wha's shuse! If I ansh'er your quesh'n, you will quesh'n my ansh'er.—*Boston Transcript*.



III.

A cat also decides to make the trip.



IV.

Psyche, rattled, seeks a haven—

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

GALLANT.

HAWKINS.—Are you in favor of woman suffrage?

DAWKINS.—No. I think women ought to be spared suffering as much as possible.—*Somerville Journal*.

JUST because the sentimental girl looks rapturously up at her lover and calls him "My king!" during their engagement, he must n't be surprised if she expects him to sift the ashes, and wipe the dishes and bring up the coal, after they are married.—*Exchange*.

PUCK PROOFS

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by Carl Hassmann, we now have on sale a handsome photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.



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V.

In Cupid's outstretched arms.



VI.

And great was the fall thereof!

—Julkvällen, utgifven af Publicistklubben, Stockholm.



Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct

Half-Seconds with Contributors.

OBSERVATION AS A FINE ART.

Editor PUCK:

Dear Sir.—Having noticed quite a few humorous articles in your valued paper of late—I thought perhaps you could find room for the enclosed.

ANYWAY, THE LETTER WAS GOOD.

To an Editor of PUCK (humorous, if possible),
New York:

Dear Sir.—Enclosed find a sonnet for which please net son of mischief below signed regular space rates, if accepted. Send remittance for same to above address by mail, not freight.

Trusting,

DIAGONAL LINE ACROSS PALM INDICATING
STRONG COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Dear Sir.—As I have some very good jokes and hear you want to bye them, will send them. What do you pay they are good ones.

Yours truly,



Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



THE WATER PIPE.



I. THE QUIET PUFF.



II. THE QUIET DOZE.



III. THE QUIET SNEAK.

AT THE social event attendant on the opening of the new Palace Hotel in San Francisco there was not a little ado over the way the women flocked to the bar, over which hangs the "Pied Piper of Hamelin Town," painted by Maxfield Parrish. As soon as the conventions commenced to give way the women flocked to the barroom and stood at the bar in droves. They drank and shook dice—grandmothers, mothers, and maidens. One woman, whose lineage and education have given her high place for forty years, said:

"I have wanted to do this ever since I could remember—wanted to stand at the bar and put my foot on the foot-rail as men do. So this, for me, is the happiest moment of my life."

To be sure the police came along in the morning hours and requested some of the women to move out, but really the whole thing was done in all innocence, and there was no overdrinking.—*Portland Oregonian*.

SHE.—My new gown is just lovely; it's a perfect fit.

HE.—Satisfied on that point, eh?

SHE.—Yes, I know it's a good fit, because it pinches me so—

HE.—Well, it doesn't pinch you half as much as it does my pocketbook.
—*Catholic Standard*.

FACTS ABOUT

Harper

It is the leading brand of the leading house of Distilling-distributors in America.

OLD I. W. HARPER

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Loads Off the Mind.

Relief Experienced in Maryland.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

To the Editor of PUCK:

If they are finding out all about into whose hands the enormous profits are going and then decide that trusts generally and powerful men particularly are doing more harm than good with the people's interests, as Mr. Pinchot justly estimates, then you will find restriction necessary and the individual and small company will go back into the business of which they seem to be mercilessly robbed. "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low." Baltimore, Md.

The Best Bitter Liqueur

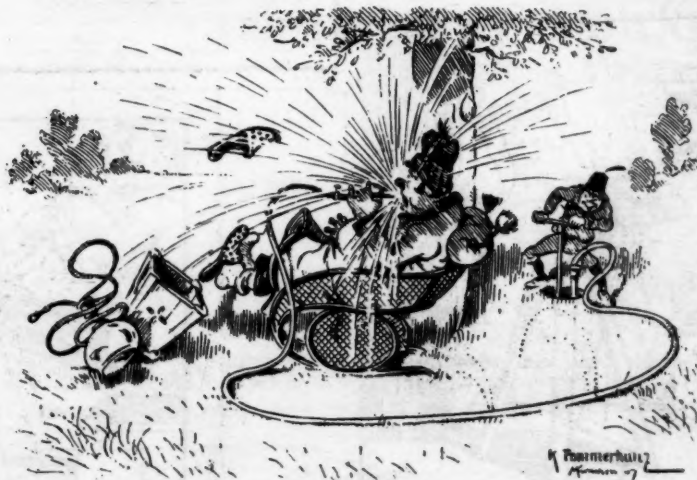
Underberg

The World's Best Bitters

Equally good as tonic or cordial. Appetizes, prevents indigestion and benefits everyone.

Sold Everywhere.

LUTYIES BROTHERS,
U. S. Agents, New York.



IV.

A COOL SMOKE: DOES NOT BURN THE TONGUE.

—*Lustige Woche*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.



IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER.

THIS matter of "the Trusts." As a cartoon-weekly, which takes its politics from no "Man-higher-up," PUCK protests against pictures like the above. We believe in "funny pictures" and in cartoons with a humorous twist, but we do not believe in laughing at anything and everything, just because PUCK is a comic paper. PUCK in its cartoons doesn't picture "the Trusts" as a fat clown with flaring mouth, crossed eyes, and little hat, but as "A Brute With Brains."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey,

whose story of misgovernment in Denver, "The Beast and the Jungle," is appearing in a monthly magazine, knows from grim experience whether this characterization is just. He writes to us:

"I have been so pleased on so many occasions with the work you are doing in PUCK in the interests of political righteousness, and I was, of course, particularly gratified at the cartoon in PUCK of December 15, 1909, in which you show up the Brutes, and perhaps go us one better in our little story 'The Beast and the Jungle.' I want to have this cartoon framed for my office. It is one of the most powerful things of the kind I ever saw, and I congratulate you upon it. You certainly have the right idea."

TEXAS SECONDS THE MOTION.

"Every barometer of trade shows prosperity, but, as many see it, it is a prosperity by the people and of and for the interests. That is the reason why we think PUCK has done well to desist in trying to keep us in amiable good humor toward monopoly. Monopoly in the hands of benevolence may be an ideal aspiration; but the trouble is we are not well enough trained in benevolence to risk even that."

—DALLAS NEWS.

A place for everything and everything in its place applies to laughter as well as to material things. Ask any man whose business has been ruined by a Trust if he found any fun in the sensation?

HUMOR WITH A PURPOSE.

"PUCK, one of the oldest and best-known publications in this country, enters a protest against being considered merely 'funny.' PUCK thinks it is amusing—that's what it wants to be—but it wants the American people to understand that it aims to be humorous for a specific purpose—it wants to be funny that it may point a way to better things."—*Washington Herald*.

PUCK has no axe to grind. PUCK supports good measures and good men because they stand for good. When you support PUCK you support them.

As to PUCK'S illustrated humor and illustrated humor elsewhere—

Puck: The Others :: Roast Turkey: Turkey Hash

A JUDICIAL EXPERT.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' court-house?"

"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suing Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Jedge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of six cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at the Jedge, an' he had her arrested an' put in the cooler."

"But did n't th' Jedge go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all. Y' see, he was her first husband!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A FLOWING BOWL GATHERS NO MOSS.



I.

Having won it at billiards, he starts to bring the Punch-bowl home.



II.

Goodness knows into which gutter he threw it, but this is what he had on arriving!

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

THE DOCTOR'S FAULT.

JUDGE.—I am led to understand you stole the watch of the doctor who had just written a prescription for you at the free dispensary. What have you to say to this charge?

PRISONER.—Well, Your Honor, I found myself in a desperate quandary. His prescription said "a spoonful every hour," and I had no timepiece. —*Fliegende Blätter*.

Evans' Ale

IS BOTTLED
at the
BREWERY
under the
RED and BLACK
LABEL

Brewery Bottling Assures
Perfection and Satisfaction.
Leading Dealers and Places.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



AN OPPORTUNITY.

JUDGE.—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth?

FAIR WITNESS.—It will be just perfectly lovely, if you really have the time to listen—*Harper's Bazar*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

PAST RECALL.

BILL.—Do you remember the ten dollars I loaned you a year ago?

JILL.—Yes; I recall it now.

BILL.—I wish to gracious I could.
—*Yonkers Statesman*.



IN PROHIBITION TERRITORY.

THE TAILOR.—Hip pockets.

THE CUSTOMER.—Yes.

THE TAILOR.—Large or small?

THE CUSTOMER.—Half pints.
—*Cleveland Leader*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 120 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE SETTLEMENT.

SUITOR.—What will your father settle on the man who marries you?

THE GIRL.—All the rest of the family, I suppose.—*St. Louis Times*.

THE HEFT OF THEFT.

"Your methods," said the indignant official, "were simply highway robbery!"

"Again you wrong me," said the sugar importer. "They were low-weight robbery!"—*Ohio State Journal*.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

HICKS.—Is Bjones doing well?

WICKS.—Well, he has made fifty thousand dollars a year for the last three years.

HICKS.—What!

WICKS.—Fact! He has been courting an heiress since Christmas, 1906, and she has just agreed to marry him.
—*Somerville Journal*.

Just His Luck No. 1.



MR. PEEP (that evening).—I tell you it pays to keep an umbrella at both ends of the route.



MR. PEEP (next morning).
What! Carry that bum-
bershute and those arctics
back to the office? In this sunshine? Nix!



MR. PEEP (next evening).
—Gee, it's raining again!
Just my luck—no umbrella!



MR. PEEP.—Just my dodgasted luck!



MR. PEEP (home at last).—Who are you?
"Me? Just your Luck!"